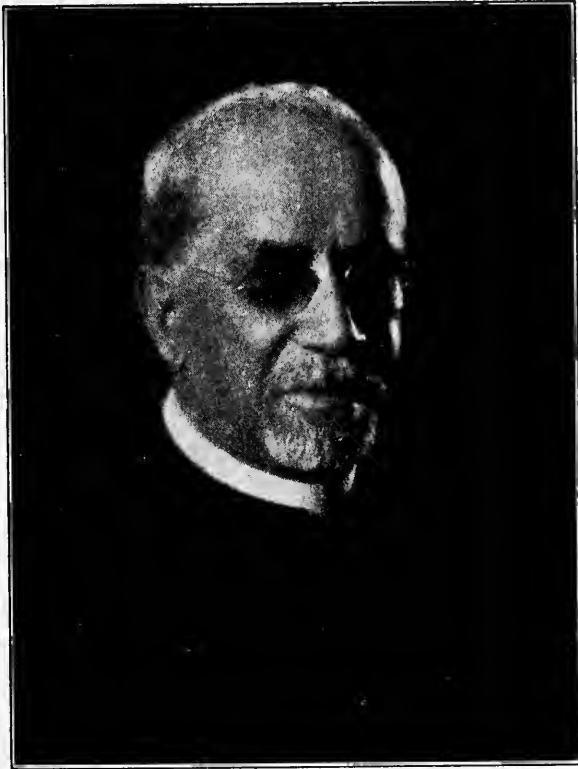


# The Gleamer



**Founder's Day 1926**

THE GLEANER

**John S. Bailey**

**General**  
**Contractor**

**Doylestown, Penna.**

PLEASE MENTION THE "GLEANER"

# The Gleaner

Official Organ of the Student Body

Entered at Farm School Post Office as second class matter. Subscription, \$2.00 a year.

Vol. XXVI

No. 2

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To Mr. Abraham Erlanger



who is

Buttressing the Labors

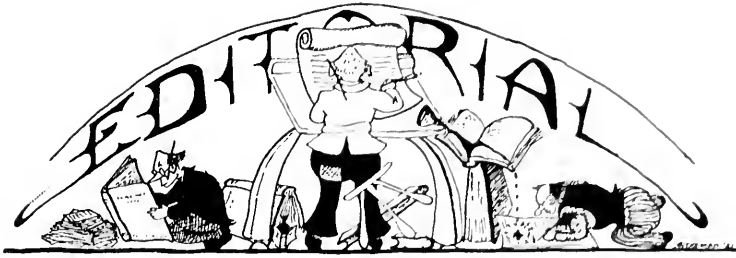
of

Our Late Lamented Founder

this issue

is

respectfully dedicated



## Abraham Erlanger



IN THE beautiful valley of the Neshaminy, where once hunted the Lenape Indians, there are gathered a new race of young men. They labor in the fields of grain and corn and hay. They attend cattle and urge on horses. They gaze at the wooded hills, bordered by the dogwood, and dream the dreams of youth. They are young men who consciously directed their careers away from the cities, fully knowing what the cities offer—good and indifferent. They have the longing to be tillers of the soil, to be producers, to be husbandmen. They find fulfillment of their hopes, their ambitions and their longings in the opportunities of The National Farm School.

Two men are the epic figures of this thrilling movement. One, was a minister of God, a loved leader in Israel, who sensed the longing of the city youth and made it real. The story of his life and labors is today indelibly written in the hearts of scores of graduates of The National Farm School, who revere his memory.

Another, a merchant prince, a romantic figure in the industrial world of America, a dreamer for social justice, wandering about to see where he could help, chanced one day on the grounds of The National Farm School. Abraham Erlanger's coming to our school was unheralded, it was unobserved by most of those interested in this school, but it was an historical event. He overlooked its meagre equipment, he paid little attention to

the evidences of its crowded condition. He saw young men, city boys, training themselves for an agricultural career, with a devotion that thrilled him. He saw them in the gardens and in the orchards, in the fields and in the barns. He spoke to them and caught their fierce longing for the cool soil. He came again and again. He started to give of his means; machinery, a tractor, a farm, another farm, and finally, in princely fashion, he began to give his time to this cause, a cause that meant the training of producers, of bread makers for America's teeming millions. He finally laid aside all other duties and made this work, his work.

As once our woods resounded with the inspired word of our lamented Rabbi Krauskopf, so today we hear the call of Abraham Erlanger. It is the spiritual admonition of consecration to a great cause. He wants the school to grow and take in all who love the land. He wants agriculture to be scientific and profitable. He wants The National Farm School, its beauty, its opportunity, its rewards, to be more widely applied.

We students, who have dedicated our youth to this work, have found a new leader. Ours is not merely a vocation, it is a mission. Abraham Erlanger is giving his life for us and for those who are to follow us. We pledge him consecration to America's soil. We pledge him loyalty to our school. And may we not also, in all due respect express our love to our "Uncle Abe"?



## OUR ADVERTISERS

By their cooperation, help to make possible each issue of "The Gleaner", and we ask our readers' patronage of them in exchange.

The Staff

# Joseph Krauskopf

By CARL P. GREEN '28

He sought to build a great ideal,  
He fought defeat and scorn,  
He worked with fervor and with zeal;  
A nucleus was born.

He worked his way without a cent,  
Ambition was his tool;  
His every drop of strength was spent  
To start his humble school.

And so he struggled on, at first  
Laughed at by every man;  
Until opinion was reversed  
None listened to his plan.

His labor caused the school to grow,  
A few men offered aid,  
Although the help at first came slow,  
He felt himself repaid.

And as his plan was spread about,  
His ideal stood the test;  
And so at last when strength gave out,  
In peace he turned to rest.

This institution stands today,  
A symbol to his name:  
A monument of wheat and hay,  
That blossoms with his fame.



## Our Soul

"To add a library to a house is to give that house a soul."

Cicero.

One year ago Farm School was a vast house without a soul, a house composed of many boys, a family, which, like all families, had its moments of joy and its moments of sorrow.

Here was a house always ablaze with spirit, into which came, and out of which went, young men, held together by that bond of brotherhood which grows as the juxtaposition and intimacy become greater. But, despite this fraternal spirit, there was something sorely lacking, and that something was a soul. A soul in which is treasured those precious thoughts and convictions which come to one over the pages of books whether biographic, romantic, historic, or geographic. In our beautiful library one may safely pour out the wealth of his mind. Here one may peruse volume after volume of reading material through which he will be enabled to cultivate that bit of cultural being found in everyone.

To me the library stands not as a mere building of books but as a Temple of Old. On entering we find ourselves in the Outer Temple in which is housed the more worldly riches used daily by man. Here among the graceful oak panels are lodged books as cosmopolitan in scope as those that use them. Here one may sit in a truly sanctified spirit and read authors ranging from Chaucer to Arlen.

From this Outer Temple we pass into the Inner Temple. Here our admiration softens into awe. Here we gaze upon the soft dark walls lined with splendid works of art. In the soft rays of the perpetual light the many volumes seem as a huge tapestry depicting life from its genesis woven by many hands, each hand weaving its own individual mesh.

Noiselessly we then pass into the Holy of Holies, namely, the Shrine, wherein is lodged all that was mortal of that noble being who created this house, all that was mortal of that soul who gave it to this house its soul.

PLEASE MENTION THE "GLENER"

# The Hysterical Night's Entertainments

(Sorry Rafael, Old Top!)

## The Night of Poison

Lucrezia Borgia, an odd smile on her odd face, stood in an odd corner of the odd room in the odd castle, thinking odd thoughts. She was thinking of her husband, who, thirty days after her marriage, had ceased to become interesting, and since then had become more and more of a bore, besides being a hindrance to the pleasure Lucrezia delighted in. So Lucrezia aptly described him as a man afflicted with lockjaw, reading Chapter XX, St. Suantias' Gospel, out of a Revised King James Edition, leather-bound Bible.

Lucrezia had imagination without limitations, and she was thinking of ways and means to rid herself quietly, and the world as well, of her superfluous husband. Lucrezia had thought of hiring a sextet of ruffians, for the vicinity abounded with such. But Lucrezia was broke. She had spent her year's allowance on the latest ladies' frills, collars, etc., just from Paris, and her hubby was strict and stretched a coin 'till it looked like a shoe buckle. So Lucrezia abandoned that idea. Stabbing hubby as he peacefully snored away the hours at night wasn't a bad way, but it led into too many complications to suit the gentle Lucrezia. So she put that idea into the waste basket. Then she fell upon her last resort. She would poison him. But,

as she had accomplished that feat on a previous occasion when her first hubby had offended her in some way, too trivial to be mentioned here, but enough to suit Lucrezia's purpose, it would be dangerous. Lucrezia knew that repetition leads to revelation, but she was a good sport and willing to take a chance. So poison it was.

It now became a question of variety. She favored arsenate of lead over paris green, but unfortunately she had neither commodity in stock, so she had to fall back on Mercury, a little weak, but strong enough to perform its mission.

Lucrezia's perpetual guests who hung around the castle looking up to her as their eternal meal-ticket, were delightfully surprised to hear of the sumptuous banquet she was giving that evening. The banquet, by the way, was simply a matter of form. In all good history books, people were poisoned at sumptuous banquets somewhere between the fish and the soup, and Lucrezia, mind you, was the very soul of correct form and proper etiquette. Far be it from her, sweet and gentle woman, to deny her husband the chance to die as befittingly as any one of them.

To Lucrezia's chagrin, unexpected complications arose. Hubby, who loved his spouse and whenever he had the chance, doted on her,

sensed unusual happenings in the air. He became suspicious and was not concerned who knew it. Lucrezia was not willing to take any chances. Oftener than not, a disobliging victim, had switched glasses with a guest in the eleventh minute. So Lucrezia hit upon an idea.

The banquet was in full blast. The fish had just been served and my Lord of the Castle was being watched with thirsty eyes, to offer a toast which would be the signal to start operations on the drainage of the tempting Chian wine in goblets before them.

"To my dear and gentle wife," he said, "may she live for the rest of her days in the luxurious atmosphere she so loves!" And with one swallow he drained the goblet. And with twenty more swallows the toast was completed.

Messire, the cook, was carrying out the bowl full of steaming soup, when to his surprise, he found all the guests in a seeming stupor. To confirm his senses, he placed the

soup before the hungriest of the guests, a Count Guide, who never failed to eat whenever he had the chance, but the Count seemed unaware of its presence.

Lucrezia, smiling and happy in her accomplishment, shook him out of his reverie. "Take these varlets out and bury them in the courtyard, and by the way," she added, "before I forget it, tell the scribe to write an epistle to the good Lord Chein-a, and tell him come. Tell him I've just obtained a divorce, and the Pope didn't give it to me either."

Thus ended the life of that gentle, that most princely of men, the good Lord Borgia, whose only crime had been that he was the husband of the most temperamental of women, Lucrezia Borgia. As to the poison, I think it is the most crude method of hubbicide I came upon. A pistol would have been much neater and less clumsy. But, ah well, women **must** have their way.

Anonymous.



## The Challenge of the Soil

N. Dubrow '29

When Winter's barren sovereignty  
Feels the might of Spring;  
And nature dormant, rises up  
To greet the new-come king;  
Then Mother Earth re-echoes forth  
The challenge of the soil:—  
"Dare ye PERSEVERE to reap  
The fruits of honest toil?"

The sturdy tillers of the land,  
With grim determination;  
Accept the challenge of the soil—  
The challenge of salvation;  
For what is life without the food  
That Mother Earth doth yield;  
To recompense for well-done work  
The gleaners of the field.

## The Battle Won

Harvey Maltz '28

Across the campus of Lehighon Academy a small figure was hurriedly wending his way. His head was down, but a close observer might have perceived a troubled countenance. In his aimless meandering he stumbled into a tall, lanky individual who had his back turned at the precise moment of encounter.

"What's the matter, Jimmy?" he inquired. "You seem to be out of sorts. Can I help you?"

Jimmy wakened from his reverie. "It's nothing much," he said. "It's just the 'King.'" Again his egoism has glared out and I think Coach Roberts will probably drop him from the squad. Can't seem to do much with him. Why Joe, you should have seen him pitch the first day at practice! I tell you that fellow is a wonder! Now look what's happened. The praise just twisted him around and turned his head. Why, Joe, if an alga was conceit, he'd be an elephant."

"Hm," muttered Joe, "you're his room-mate. Can't you do something?"

"Me!" ejaculated Jimmy, "why he almost compelled me to blacken his shoes. I'm only supposed to be an admirer of his. Nix for me. Well, so long, Joe."

The next day at four o'clock regular practice was held. Lehighon boasted one of the best diamonds in Central Pennsylvania, and it certainly corroborated the boast. Lithe and eager uniformed figures were

practicing on its level turf. In the stands a small crowd of spectators were stamping their feet in disapproval of a bad play, or cheering hoarsely at a commendable stop. On the side two pitchers were warming up. Each time the ball was thrown, it resounded with a sharp smack in the catcher's mitt. The constant haranguing of the coach, coupled with the incessant chatter of players, "talking it up," lent the scene a business-like aspect.

"Well, King," said one of the student onlookers, "You certainly are pitching wonderfully. I'll bet you're the best pitcher that the Academy has ever boasted of. How about it, Stark?" The individual addressed answered in approval.

Practice being over, the heroes of the diamond were surrounded by their especial admirers. "King"—who was nicknamed so for his prominence in baseball and other school activities—drew by far the largest crowd. Cheers for him rent the air and many sought to shake his hand. A reputation as a great pitcher didn't mean much to him—so he tried to convey. A great amount of hauteur possessed him which seemed likely to pull him too far. "King" was not an individual who could brook defeat, and in victory he was disdainfully proud and condescending to the vanquished. The students could not see the harm they were imposing; their idol was "King" and all else was inferior.

Always, he sought admiration, and in pitching he sought power. The students of Lehighton readily granted him this, save a few, among whom was his room-mate, Jimmy. In sorrow he looked upon the affair, and knowing the "King" to be obsessed by this fault he sought to dissuade him. For the fall, he knew, was inevitable. But his efforts were futile. Though a fine pitcher, Coach Roberts saw in him an obstacle to a co-operative team, and many times was on the point of dropping him.

Time flew swiftly and each day the team drew nearer and nearer to its final game. A week before the coach was nearly yelling himself hoarse at "King's" seemingly careless blunders. "Hey! he bawled, 'now take that swagger out! You!—it's you, "King," whom I'm talking to! Come on, now—no grandstand plays!"

"Always after me," "King" muttered, "Everybody but you will admit my fine pitching."

"What's that you said?" inquired Roberts, "Huh?"

"Oh, nothing. I didn't say anything."

Three days before the first game Roberts gathered his players about him, and after a stiff talk mingled with many cautioned remarks, he announced the line-up. "Listen, boys," he said, "we've got a fine team. Remember, I want co-operation. Keep awake, and be on your toes. Centre School is fairly strong, but I know we can win. Now I'm going to put Farrel in as pitcher for this game. Don't forget boys, work together."

Surprise, succeeded by chagrin, reflected itself on "King's" face when he heard this. Farrel was to pitch—and he knew he was a better pitcher than Farrel! He explained to his admirers later, that this was really a practice game, and that the coach wanted to save his arm for future and more difficult frays. This explanation was much to his satisfaction and he heartily accepted this as being the state of affairs. But Jimmy knew better and attempted to awaken "King" to the situation. But as usual he was smothered by glances of superior compassion.

Saturday dawned clear and bright, the warmest day so far that spring. At two-thirty the stands were full and by quarter to three the game had begun. There were cheers aplenty and the air was charged with excitement and suspense.

The first inning was a shut-out for both sides, but during the latter part of the second Centre brought in a run. With grim determination depicted on his countenance, Farrel pitched a steady game. There were no more scores that inning.

Broke, of Lehighton, who was up first, hit a single. The next man fanned and Farrel, who followed him, stepped up to the plate. The first was a strike and the next a ball. Again the pitcher wound up, and let fly. There was a dull thud and Farrel fell to the ground. The crowd became silent and wondered what had happened. Roberts, with half the team in his wake, hurried to the plate and carried the unconscious Farrel off the field. Misjudging the

ball, he had ducked, bringing his head into the path of the hissing sphere. It was impossible for him to play again that day.

A little grayness stole over the heart of Robert's, but he set his teeth and walked straight to "King." "You've got to pitch, 'King'," he said, and for Heaven's sake watch yourself! Now go in and do your best."

Roberts knew what was coming. A conceited smile crossed "King's" features as he swaggered toward the box. Immediately the crowd paid homage to their idol. "King," in a haughty gesture, waved his hand towards the stands. He started his game well and for three innings pitched finely.

During the sixth inning Centre brought in a run. "King" became a bit careless and disdained the coach's advice. "I'll win that game yet, Roberts," he promised. He said this quite audibly, and the remark was heard for quite a distance. "Don't worry about me. It's the rest of the team that needs your help."

The coach did not reply to this. When Centre had gained its third run, "King" began to feel a little less confident. What was the matter with him? He certainly was pitching finely. He decided that it must be the team's fault. But in the eighth inning he blundered irrevocably, by a spell of wild pitching. Again he threw wild and gradually his self-confidence began to leave him. The crowd became silent; jeers appeared where cheers before

had resounded. "King" became nonplussed and the team went to pieces. "By the latter part of the eighth, Centre had scored four to Leighton's none. Roberts sat in grim and stolid silence, never even venturing to speak.

When "King" went into the box again he knew his ultimate end. But he stuck it out. Only Jimmy sitting alone could see the anguish that was tearing "King's" soul. He was "King" no longer.

The whole crowd jeered and hissed. A hero receives a generous supply of admiration, let a vanquished one appear and he is hissed into oblivion. So with "King." Again and again he pitched the ball over, but the team had no confidence in him, and all co-operation was over.

At the completion of the game "King" went off alone and fought his own battle. Again he was the pitcher. The ball was pride; and it was his to toss away. Alone he cursed himself and called himself a fool. He knew he could do no retribution. Never again would the coach let him pitch. His retribution was along other lines; "King" no longer.

Thus Jimmy found him. He alone could understand the complete mortification and downfall which swept the crestfallen hero. The battle was "King's" and what little consolation he could offer, would not be spared.

"Never mind, 'King,' Jimmy said, "after all, you've won the greatest battle."

# Hey! Hey! Charleston!

Sid Jungman '29

He was a wall flower, a looker on, a back number. You know the kind. They go to parties (invited out of pity) get introduced to everyone and then park in a corner for the rest of the night; dead to the world. That was him all over. He was as graceful as Bull Montana doing the dance of the Seven Veils, as bashful as a hen going into the water, and as retiring as a heavy-weight champ. He just wasn't there. He didn't fit in.

To make matters worse, he realized all this. He hated himself for it. He was filled with self-pity and self-contempt. But what could he do? He had neither talent nor ability. Whenever he did dance, which was very seldom, he danced on everybody's feet but his own. In the presence of girls he was dumbfounded. So you see, he was in a pretty bad fix.

Well, to make a long story longer, he happened to be glancing thru a magazine when he saw this ad:

**"LEARN TO CHARLESTON BY  
MAIL IN THREE WEEKS"**

At last! His opportunity had come. He would learn to Charleston and knock 'em all for a loop. Consequently, he sent for the course and entered a session of strenuous secret practice. For weeks he struggled to master the intricate steps and convulsions of the Charleston.

At the end of four months, he thought himself good enough to

strut his stuff before the world. Boy! And how——!

He received his regular invitation to the week-end dance. He always went with the same crowd and they were prepared for the same old stuff—parked in a corner for the night. But this time they'd have some fun. They'd make him get up and do something. He did. They were due for the surprise of their lives. He was roped in, and after a moment's hesitation, broke into the hottest Charleston seen north of Georgia. He did everything but stand on his head and wiggle his ears. He was a wow and the life of the party! You could have knocked the crowd over with a wink. He, the most awkward, bashful fellow out of a crib, doing a Charleston that would make Gilda Gray weep tears and hang her head in shame. No wonder the girls mobbed him and hailed him as the

**You Are Wanted**

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**July 3rd & 4th**

PLEASE MENTION THE "GLEANER"

original, "Hot Stuff Kid" himself. No wonder the fellows praised him and asked him how, when and why. No longer would he be a wall flower or an onlooker. He was made a social success, the pride of Kensington and points south.

For a year he basked in the limelight. He became a distinct asset at any party. He was continually overwhelmed with parties and girls. Especially girls. How they fell for that Charleston!

But, alas, like ice cream, it was too good to last. The city council passed a law forbidding the Charleston both in public and in private. And all he could do was to Charleston. He lost his girls, his friends and his praisers. No longer did they give him "sleigh rides." No longer was he the center of interest. His popularity was gone. He was a wall flower, a looker on, a back number. You know the kind.



## Spring Fever

F. Stonitsch '28

These are the days when the sun is  
so bright,

And the trees are beginning to  
bud;

When the call of the bat and the  
glove and the lake,

Seem to creep right into your  
blood!

These are the days when your  
studies seem dull,

Yes, duller than ever before;

When Botany, Poultry, Machinery,  
and all

Give way to the baseball score.

If Ruth hits a homer, the day's a  
success,

Regardless of standing in class.

If the A's and the Phillies and  
Bisons should win,

Why think of exams you're to  
pass?

If the sweet-scented wind and the  
sun you must face,

And the swimming hole's clearing  
out fast.

If the springboard of last year is  
still in it's place,—

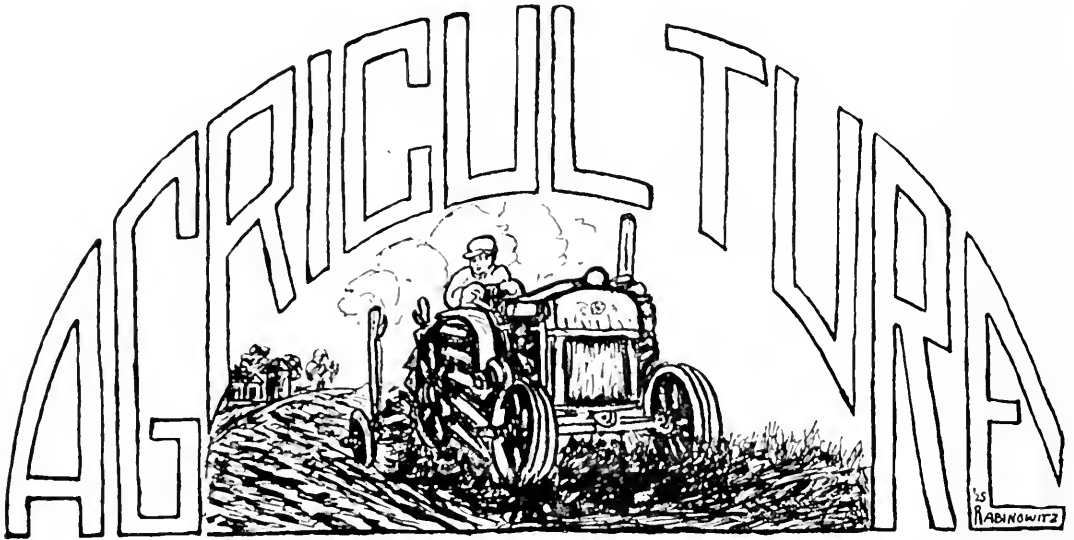
But, Boy! There's exams to be  
passed.

These are the days when the Spring  
Fever Germ

Tries to hinder the work to be  
done.

But we'll have our ball game, our  
swimming hole, too,

When the merit and the glory are  
won.



SAM PRICE '27

## General Agriculture

Although this Spring is three weeks behind the regular season, and there has been a protracted drought through April and May, the farm work is progressing rapidly, due to the efforts of all the managers.

The Main Barn tractor squad went to the different farms and helped with the spring work. Therefore we rejoice in the fact that all corn is planted and growing fine.

No. 6 leads with 72 acres, of which a good part will go to fill the dairy silo.

No. 5 was the first farm to plant oats, and they are now flourishing.

The other managers are optimistic about their crops and expect a good yield. The cool weather this Spring has pushed the oats ahead. The wheat is showing the effects of the drought. No. 3's is still making little growth. The other farms

are also affected, but not so badly.

No. 3 and No. 6 planted rye at the same time they planted oats, and the former has progressed as rapidly as the oats. No. 6 has 25 acres and No. 3 has 7 acres planted.

No. 7 is breaking in a new crop rotation this year and oats will not be planted 'till next season. They have just received a number of lively heifers from the dairy.

The cattle at the various farms are on pasture and thriving.

At the Main Barn, Dolly, the bred mare, foaled. Mr. Stangle now has a playful little filly, judging from her antics when allowed the run of the paddock.

Several sows also farrowed, bringing into the world many future hams and pork chops.

All the farm buildings have been newly painted and are ready for another banner season.

PLEASE MENTION THE "GLEANER"

### Landscape Department

Under the direction of Mr. Feiser, the Landscape Department has undertaken the task of beautifying the campus. This was started with a general clean-up of the grounds a few weeks ago. All the leaves and brush around the various buildings were hauled away.

The first big job was landscaping the recently erected dairy barns on the State Highway. The entire front, after much labor, was graded and seeded to grass. The path to the main building was remodeled and a small driveway made. On both sides, Japanese Barberry were used as a hedge. A group of pines, Arbor Vitae and Retinospora, were used as a base planting. Along the lane which leads to the rear of the dairy proper and around the paddocks, a row of Norway Maples was planted, which will act as a windbreak.

The work being completed at the dairy barns, the squad began on the campus. The lawns were mowed and edged completely. The three evergreen beds around Ullman Hall were taken out and a group of flowering shrubs used as substitutes. These will prove attractive because there will be a succession of flowers all year round. The dead trees in the beds around the building were also taken out and beds spaded. To add another touch of beauty to Ullman Hall, the six flower beds in front are planted solidly with Red Geraniums. These offer a pleasing contrast to the white construction of the dormitory building.

The Horticultural Building was

next landscaped. The slope to the road was terraced and planted to grass. A base planting of evergreens was used effectively around the building.

Eisner Hall when finally completed, will present a pleasing picture with its little lawn and evergreens planted around it.

Some of the trees around the Krauskopf Memorial Library died and were replaced.

The nursery did a good business during the spring. Several shipments of stock were necessary to fill the gap left by the sales.

All the lawns and hedges were trimmed, as were the catalpas. The evergreen and hydrangea beds were spaded. The latter will have a circular flower bed in the center and a little path enclosing it. Several thousand cuttings of Privets, Barberries and Forsythias were set out. These will be ready for sale by next spring. Many more cuttings, made last fall, are in the greenhouse, taking root in beds of sand. Mr. Feiser has planted many varieties of perennial flowers in the greenhouses which, when of sufficient size, will be transplanted outdoors.

The old summer house near the vineyard, will soon be a thing of the past. It will be torn down and a beautiful rock garden substituted.

Plans for converting all the wooded portions of the school into miniature parks containing many specimens of wild flowers, are being considered.

The old chapel grounds are being prepared for the fall, when many thousands of rhododendrons and azelas will be planted. This will,

with its masses of red, yellow and blue, be the most colorful spot in the school.

When all plans are completed and all the work done, the Farm School will be one of the show places of Bucks County.



### The Dairy

With the peak of production yet to come, this department is producing 950 quarts of milk daily. The milk is being tested for butterfat every month. The bacteria count is below 10,000 per cubic centimeter, or, in other words, equal to that of certified milk. Therefore, it is being sold for a much better price than that received by the average farmer in this section.

All the cows and calves are responding to the great amount of care given them.

There has been a lack of hay since the beginning of the year, making it necessary to buy supplies. The supply of silage which still retains its flavor, is just about exhausted.

The land in front of the barns has just been landscaped, and with the repainting of the buildings, this department presents a very trim appearance.



### Horticulture

The most important work of the season, the spring planting, has been completed. All the orchards received a top dressing of nitrate of soda, which yields the nitrogen so necessary for plant food.

The petal fall spray was applied

to the bearing peach orchard. This spray contains dry mix lime sulphur for the control of fungus diseases, arsenate of lead for the coddling moths and nicotine sulphate for aphids. The trees have all blossomed in fine shape and the outlook for a good fruit crop is excellent.

To supply the increasing demand for strawberries, a new bed of one acre has been planted. This, in addition to the two other berry plots that come into bearing this year, will assure a crop sufficient for all demands.

An asparagus bed of one acre was planted in the vegetable patch, and next year another acre will be planted to bring it up to the desired size of two acres. The Martha Washington strain was selected for this bed because of its rust-resisting qualities.

The small fruit department is doing very well and cultivation has been going on for some time. The grapes received a complete application of fertilizer after having been pruned and tied to the trellises.

This year we will have twenty acres of vegetables under cultivation. This is more than that of any previous year. All the early vegetables are planted, and the rhubarb is growing fast. We are now engaged in transplanting tomatoes from the hothouse to the cold frame before setting them out in the field.

Philip M. Weiss '27



### Floriculture

Now that warm weather has arrived, the greenhouses are receiving a general clean-up.

All the flowers inside the houses have been moved outdoors. The rooted carnation cuttings make a sturdier growth outside and will be in better flowering condition next fall.

The peonies have been transplanted from the bed in front of the greenhouse to the patch near the railroad track. This will greatly increase the beauty of the spot when in bloom.

All the early vegetables for the gardens were started in the greenhouse and have been transplanted outdoors to harden.

The soil in the greenhouse beds is being removed and fresh earth is used to replace it.

Eckstein, Miller, and Wiseman '27



### Poultry

During the past few months the egg production has increased greatly and is now over 50%.

The breeding season is over and all eggs are being marketed.

The roosters, which were taken out of the breeding pens, will be culled. The young cocks that are suitable will be kept and used as breeders next year and those rejected will be marketed.

The 600 pullets and 550 cockerels sent from the brooder, are now thriving on the range.

H. Litwin '27



### Incubation and Brooding

Incubation started February 8th with very little coal on hand, but with the plentiful use of substitutes, a 60% hatch resulted.

Throughout the entire season, hatch followed hatch very closely, frequently one a week, each with an average of 55%. Approximately 10,000 eggs were incubated and 5,000 chicks hatched.

The brooder has been very busy taking care of chicks since the first of March. All of the chicks will be moved to the big houses about the middle of June.

Our mortality has been very low, averaging 10%. From these chicks, 1000 to 1500 pullets will be selected as layers and breeders for next season. The finest cockerels will be retained as breeders and the remainder will be marketed as broilers.

D. Brandt '27



### Importance of Plant Breeding

At a recent meeting of the Horticultural Society, the student body was honored by having Mr. Kerr, the superintendent of Burpee's Experimental Grounds, speak on the breeding of plants. Mr. Kerr is one of the most eminent plant breeders in this country, and has created many new varieties of plants.

In his talk he discussed breeding as a science and the benefits derived from it by mankind.

"Breeding," he said, "is a science now in its embryonic stage, but is constantly making progress. It presents a wide and interesting field for scientifically trained minds. The past, in which the work was done without any knowledge, is gone and science has replaced its inaccuracies."

Laws are now known by which the

(Continued on page 33)



HARRY BACHMAN '27

### N. F. S. Wins Opener

Farm School opened its 1926 baseball season by trouncing the strong Lansdale High team, 13—8. The weather was poor for baseball for a strong wind swept across the diamond.

Joe Lynch, who pitched for the first three innings, struck out seven Lansdale batters.

Our boys started the fireworks by pounding out six runs in the first inning.

Loew, who replaced Lynch on the mound, was reached for five runs in the fifth but he soon put on the brakes and stopped the rally. Three singles made Brick the best hitter of the game.

Lansdale High.....1 0 1 0 5 0 1—8

N. F. S. ....6 0 1 0 1 0 5—13

• • •

### Brown Prep Vanquished

On Saturday, April 27th, Farm School opened its home season by walloping Brown Prep, 7-4. The game was replete with errors, but Coach Samuel's boys made the most of the least and consequently emerged victorious. Wiseman kept up his good hitting by collecting

two hits and three walks. Lynch, as usual, was in fine form. He pitched sixteen strikeouts, permitting only two hits. Although Brown Prep was able to register four runs, it was mostly due to errors.

In the opening stanza, Farm School started off with a rush and brought in three runs. This put great confidence into the team and they began to ease up a bit. Brown Prep, however, chalked up four runs before Farm School awoke to the situation. Settling down to business, our boys added two runs in both the seventh and eighth innings and held this advantage to the end of the game.

#### BROWN PREP.

#### N. F. S.

r h o a

r h o a

Savoy, ss.....	0 0 0 0	Wiseman, cf....	1 2 0 0
Matzs, 3b.....	0 0 2 2	Brick, 3b.....	1 3 0 1
Herington, lf....	2 0 0 2	Elliot, 1b.....	1 0 8 0
Glockner, 2b....	1 2 3 2	Small, rf.....	1 2 0 0
Gallen, cf.....	1 0 3 0	Lynch, p.....	1 2 2 2
Del Bello, c.....	0 0 7 2	Stonitsch, lf....	0 0 0 0
Marshall, 1b....	0 0 3 0	O'Rourke, 2b 1	0 1 3
Gallagher, rf....	0 0 5 0	Weschner, ss. 1	0 0 0
Maimon, p.....	0 0 1 2	Peschkin, c.....	0 0 16 1

Total.....4 2 24 10

Total.....7 9 27 7

**Farm School Shuts Out Girard, 4-0**

In one of the most interesting ball games played on the home grounds this season, Farm School downed their ancient rivals, 4-0. We just seemed to have it in for Girard. In the second inning, Small started the fireworks with a single through the pitcher's box. Lynch came through with a long triple to right field, but Small was caught at the plate on a perfect relay in. Stonitsch followed with a hit over third and Lynch scored. O'Rourke smacked a hot one to short and the shortstop made a nice stop, only to overthrow, trying to catch Stonitsch at third. Stonitsch scored on the play and O'Rourke went to second. Weschner, the next batter, was hit with a pitched ball. Jung took three hefty swings. Wiseman came through with a neat single scoring O'Rourke, but Weschner was out trying to make third, this ending the rally.

However, this proved enough, since "Joe" Lynch, our invincible pitcher, struck out thirteen visitors.

"Buck" O'Rourke, catching for the first time this season, working in perfect unison with Lynch.

GIRARD		N. F. S.	
r h o a		r h o a	
Edwards, cf.....	0 1 1 1	Wiseman, 2b.....	0 1 3 2
Bell, 2b.....	0 0 2 2	Brick, 3b.....	0 1 0 4
Geist, 3b.....	0 0 2 1	Elliot, 1b.....	0 0 7 0
Shonest'rf, 1b.....	0 1 2 0	Small, cf.....	0 3 0 0
Jones, c.....	0 0 15 0	Lynch, p.....	1 1 2 4
Galbraith, ss.....	0 1 0 0	Stonitsch, lf.....	1 1 0 0
Wootry, lf.....	0 0 0 0	O'Rourke, c.....	1 0 13 1
Montg'ry, rf.....	0 0 0 0	Weschner, ss.....	0 0 2 1
Robinson, rf.....	0 0 0 0	Jung, rf.....	1 1 0 12
Keaton, p.....	0 1 2 1		
Total.....	0 4 24 5	Total.....	4 8 27 24

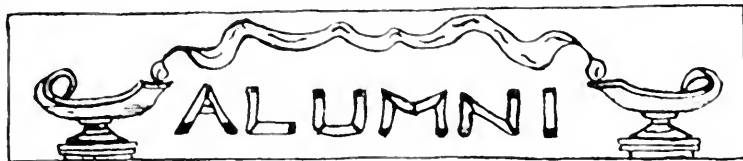
**N. F. S. Scalps Bangor, 6-1**

On May 8, Farm School won its fourth straight encounter, adding Bangor High to its string of victories. Lynch had little trouble taming our opponents as far as the offense was concerned, for eighteen members of the Bangor team fanned. In the very first inning Bangor started as if they were going to cause trouble, but were suddenly halted by Joe's superb pitching, being held to a lone tally. Farm School was not to be denied scoring. Three runs were scored in their half of the inning. Although this proved enough to stow away the game, we scored three more in the third inning. Lynch and Weschner's fielding, coupled with Wiseman's bat, were the features of the game. Bachman, playing his first game at third base, hit a home run in the seventh, but somehow failed to touch second base and was called out, being credited with only a single.

**The line-up:**

BANGOR H. S.		N. F. S.	
r h o a		r h o a	
Sabatine, 3b.....	0 0 1 0	Wiseman, cf.....	1 2 0 0
Roche, lf.....	1 2 0 0	Bachman, 3b.....	0 1 1 1
Cory, ss.....	0 0 0 1	Stonitsch, 1b.....	1 0 1 1
Callie, 2b.....	0 2 5 2	Lynch, p.....	2 1 3 1
Chamb'r'n, 1b.....	0 0 2 2	O'Rourke, c.....	2 1 20 2
Amy, cf.....	0 0 1 1	Brick, 2b.....	0 0 2 0
Clifford, rf.....	0 0 0 0	Weschner, ss.....	0 0 0 1
Rowland, c.....	0 0 15 2	Jung, rf.....	0 1 0 0
Pritchard, p.....	0 0 0 0	Loew, lf.....	0 0 0 0
Total.....	1 4 24 8	Total.....	6 6 27 6
Bangor High.....	1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—1		
N. F. S.....	3 0 3 0 0 0 0 0 0—6		

(Continued on page 33)



D. V. BRANDT '27

1926—*Morris Davis* has accepted a position as manager of the Harvey Ave. Poultry Farms at Doylestown, Pa., of which Mr. Cecil J. Toor, of the '16 Class, is the owner.

1926—*Ed. Gordon and H. Fishtein*, two of the Farm School students, employed at the Pennsburg Farms Corp., under the supervision of Mr. Cecil J. Toor, of the Class of '16, were present at our Freshman Reception Dance. They stated that they were well satisfied with their work and expected to continue their success, especially in poultry, cows and fruit.

1926—*Matthew Snyder*, who is employed at the dairy barns of the Michigan Agricultural College, reports an increase in salary after two months on the place.

1926—*A. T. Cohen* has changed his position to assistant for the Lashaw Nurseries at Haddam, Conn.

1926—*Leon Kaplan* reports that he is making excellent progress in his farm work in spite of the late spring. He can be reached at Coatesville, Pa.

1925—*Ascher K. Finkelstein* is a Freshman of the Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio.

1925—*Mark Goldstein* is doing well as a freshman at the University of Florida.

ex-1924—*Herman Rosenbloom* is working on a dairy farm at Lineroft, N. J.

ex-1924—*Charles Cherry* is working for Goldstein '09, who owns a farm at Six Points, N. J.

1923—*Saul S. Waxman and Benjamin Schwartz*, who have been foremen at the fruit orchards at Leesport, Pa., have resigned their positions and are making a trip through the apple orchards of the Pacific Coast. The student body joins the Gleaner in wishing both of these embryo fruit kings a most interesting and educative experience.

1923—*Charles Eisler* is in Europe visiting his parents. He has written, indicating an interest in the offer made to settle forty Farm School graduates in Kansas City, Mo.

1922—*Otto Wenger* has resigned his position with the Extension Service of the Michigan Agricultural College and has become part owner in a creamery at Flint, Mich.

1921—*Joseph Iger* recently accepted a position as florist for Curt Thimm, Roslyn, L. I.

1921—*Gustave Taube* was poultry manager in New Jersey until September, 1921, and then went to college. He is employed as a chemist for a New York testing laboratory.

His home address is 334 E. Houston St., New York. Taube was a recent visitor at the school.

1920—*Benj. Fristate*, another recent visitor at the school, is a veterinarian at the Ohio State University.

1920—*Samuel Fine* has been inspecting a number of farms in the vicinity of the school with the intention of purchasing one suitable for a fruit and poultry combination.

1919—*Morris Schlosberg* has been appointed instructor of Zoology at the Ohio State Agricultural College. He has also been made a member of the honorary fraternity "Sigma X."

1919—*Samuel Miller* reports that he is developing a very good retail and wholesale business in fresh eggs. His address is 713 McKean St., Phila., Pa.

1917—*Dr. Louis Goldberg*, who formerly practiced with the U. S. Government Veterinary Service, announces that he has taken over the practice and hospital of the late Dr. D. M. Sare, 19 N. Virginia Ave., Atlantic City, N. J. The faculty and student body join the Gleaner in wishing Dr. Goldberg the best of success.

1916—*Dr. Louis J. Helfland*, who has been First Lieutenant of the 56th Infantry Brigade of the Pennsylvania National Guard, has organized a Veterinary Unit at Pennsylvania State College. Mr. Helfland is eager to organize a similar unit at the National Farm School.

1916—*Morris Druckerman* has accepted a position in general agriculture at Parkville, N. Y.

1916—*Harry J. Zack*, head of the H. J. Zack Nursery Co., at Deep River Gardens, Deep River, Conn., has donated to The National Farm School 2500 dwarf pine seedling trees.

1916—*Hyman Schweitzer* is a Senior at the Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio.

1916—*Louis Kaskin* operates a farm service station at Vineland, N. J., and has associated with him Mr. William Shoer, of the Class of 1922.

1913—*James Work*, the President of the Alumni Association, and also a member of the National Farm School Board of Trustees, has been ill with appendicitis. The Gleaner wishes him a speedy recovery.

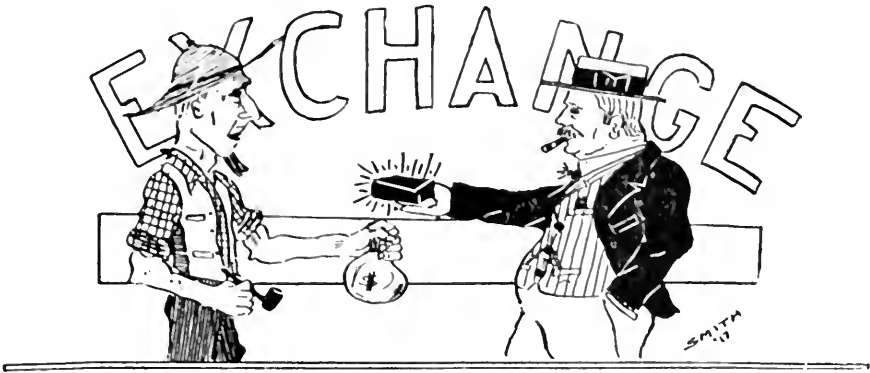
1908—A donation of several barrels of bulbs has been received from *Abraham Miller*, 172 N. Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Mr. Miller is president of the American Bulb Co.

1903—*George Borushik*, 4805 Armitage Ave., Chicago, Ill., a pharmacist, recently donated \$100 to National Farm School Jubilee Fund.

\*1914—*Samuel Keener* is engaged in general farming and dairying with Louis Jourdan, Pawling, N. Y.

\*Former student.

**You Are Wanted**  
at the  
**National Farm School**  
for the Annual  
**Alumni Reunion**  
July 3rd & 4th



CARL J. SCHIFF '27

Two decrepit, shuffling humans, known rather popularly by the title of "Knights of the Road," trudged wearily down a dusty country lane.

They talked of nothing in particular, but their minds were probably busily engaged in thoughts of some plan whereby they might fill that innermost cavity and stop its seemingly incessant craving for nourishment.

While things were in this state, there suddenly burst upon the calm serenity of the still May air, a boisterous warning and the ludicrous manner in which the renegades scampered from the path of the lightning-like moving apparition, equalled the efforts of the madly running man who futilely tried to catch up with the cause of all this excitement.

Out of breath from his exertions, the young man stopped and after helping each of the hoboes to his feet, immediately plied himself with the task of wiping the perspiration from his countenance.

Both the tramps, though very pale of visage, began to volley questions at him. "Wot's loose Bar-

ney Oldfield? Didja fall outa dot?"

"No, tnat's Hit and Miss, a peppy team, and I was sitting on back of the wagon reading over my Exchanges when they suddenly started up and now (this last despairingly) they've gone and messed everything up and are still running. Well, I've got to catch them." And then he started off at a dog-trot, in the direction of the wildly running horses.

The shiftlessness seemed to have passed from the two wanderers as they thought of what might fall from the wagon going at that mad speed. So at a fast pace they also started in the same direction.

They had not gone far when they spied a dust-covered parcel lying in the roadway. Hurrah! Here was something to eat—or better yet—some money with which they could get a good drink.

Both reached for the parcel at the same instant, but in their greedy haste it parted and from it scattered a pile of magazines.

They picked one up and seeing a column of jokes, one of the tramps deciphered it and read aloud to his companion:

The Judge — "This lady says you tried to speak to her at the station."

Dan Stern—"It was a mistake. I was looking for my room-mate's girl, whom I had never seen before, but who'd been described to me as a handsome blonde with classic features, fine complexion, perfect figure, beautifully dressed and——"

The Witness—"I didn't prosecute the gentleman. Anyone might have made the same mistake."

"Hah, Hah, Hah! Dat's pretty good. Read some more."

Shulman—"You reign alone in my heart."

S. Y. T.—"Oh, Morton!"

S.—"You are the sunshine of my life."

S. Y. T.—"Darling."

S. —"With you always near me I could brave any storm."

S. Y. T.—"Morton, is this a proposal or a weather report?"

"Gee, de're good! Dat **Archive** must be a snappy magazine. Wot's de next one like."

The following composition on "The Angelus" was written by a New York school boy: "This picture was painted by Malay. It contains a man and a woman, a pitchfork, wheelbarrow and a church steeple. The man and the woman are very poor and they have been digging potatoes because they need them to live on. The potatoes look quite small. Just at sunset they hear a bell ring, it is the Angelus. It means they must pray. So they bow their heads and pray for bigger potatoes."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### He Meant It

Miss Murphy is a teacher in one of the lower grade schools at Northampton, Mass. She was teaching her pupils to repeat in concert the 23d Psalm. She felt that one little boy was not saying it correctly. The next time the class recited the psalm she stood near this boy, and found, when it came to the verse, "Surely, goodness and mercy

shall follow me," etc., he said, "Surely, good Miss Murphy shall follow me all the days of my life."

"De **High School Record** is funny. I'd like to read it again."

The tramp picked another magazine at random and read:

The superintendent was trying to prove that children are lacking in observation.

To the children he said, "Now, children, tell me a number to put on the board."

Some child said, "Thirty-six."

The supervisor wrote sixty-three.

He asked for another number. Seventy-six was given. He wrote sixty-seven. When a third number was asked, a child who was apparently paying no attention, called out, "Thev-enty-theven. Change that, you old Thucker."

\* \* \* \* \*

A colored bell hop of a certain hotel was telling another the tricks of the profession and emphasizing among other things the necessity for courtesy and tact. "Courtesy an' tac, you all say. What am the difference of them two words?" "There am considerable difference, niggah. The other morning Ah opened a door what proved to be a bathroom an' in the tub was a lady. Ah shut the door instantaneous and then said: 'Excuse me, sah!' Now 'Excuse me,' was courtesy, but including that 'sah' was tact."

"Wot wuz de name uv dat one. Bill? Dey've got some pep in dat **Perkiomenite**."

Teacher: "Who signed the Magna Charta?"

Fresh: "I don't know. It wasn't me."

Teacher (disgusted): "Oh, take your seat."

Member of School Board: "Here, call that boy back. I don't like his manner, I believe he did do it."

(Continued on page 34)



IRA WECHSLER '27

### Senior Class Notes

Now that classes are finished, our entire time is being devoted to the management of our various projects, all of which show the results of conscientious effort.

The potato patch, with which we hope to realize an amount of money sufficient to put out our year book, has been plowed and planted.

During the week of May 17-22, there was inaugurated a new custom, a "Senior Week," which has for its aim the sponsoring of a spirit of good-will within the student body.

On Sunday, May 30, a memorial

was dedicated to our deceased classmate, Raymond "Tiny" Lev.

Carl J. Schiff '27, Sec't'y.



### Junior Class Notes

As yet nothing of importance has occurred in the progress of our class.

We are now looking forward to the annual Freshman-Junior baseball game. Unfortunately, Dick Gell, our reliable twirler, who proved to be the main factor in last year's victory, has left us. But with the able coaching of our experienced varsity members, Elliott,

Stonitsch, and Brick, we are confident of victory.

After the game our attention will be centered upon the Junior Prom, which will take place during the latter part of August. We intend to make this a very elaborate affair and know it will prove to be a big success.

We are prepared for the first Freshman-Junior boxing match, and promise to give plenty of action to the rival class.

M. Namen '28, Secty.



### **The Antics of the Green Cap Brigade**

On Wednesday, April 7, 1926, a new crop of green material entered dear old Farm School. Of this group of "Greenies" quite a few men have gained positions on the baseball team, orchestra and the "Gleaner" staff.

The class officers are Sid Jungman, President; Dave Loew, Vice-Pres.; "Cootie" Peschkin, Sec., and Herrera, Treas.

At the first meeting Alberga was elected to the Student Council, Powel '27 was chosen as Senior Advisor, and Mr. Campbell as Faculty advisor.

E. Wiseman '27 was elected as as baseball coach, and Al. Becker, manager. Wiseman has excellent material to work with and expects to have a good team for the Freshman-Junior game.

C. "Cootie" Peschkin '29, Secty.



### **The Scientific Hicks**

The Hicks, now that classes are over, are about to inaugurate a new

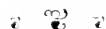
meeting known as the Round Table. Here all current events will be discussed, which will help the students keep in touch with all world affairs.

The meetings will be held every second and fourth Friday of the month and all those who are interested are invited to attend.

At a recent meeting of the Hicks, an open book with a plow across, was selected as the emblem of the society, being symbolic of scholarship in agriculture.

Plans are now being made for Alumni Day, July 3 and 4, 1926, which will be taken over by the Scientific Hicks.

D. Wilan '27, Secty.



### **The Varsity Club**

The intricate problem of the Varsity Club to date is the attendance of students to cheer at out-of-town games. So far, the only solution is that all "F" men and merit students be permitted to accompany the team on games that are played away. We hope to better the situation in the future.

Plans for arranging a banquet have been given to a reliable committee.

The combined efforts of the student body and the baseball team have so far resulted in a line of baseball victories. With this spirit you can rest assured of a record-breaking season.

Our snail-like Lipman came back to us with the agility of a rabbit. Welcome, old boy, and lots of luck!

E. E. Wiseman '27,

Secretary.

## Senior Social Affair

By Sidney Jungman '29

We were gathered in the basement  
   of Lasker Hall.  
 We were packed into the casement,  
   Freshmen all.  
 We had come to pick a leader,  
   So we thought.  
 But the ruse just was a feeder,  
   We were caught.  
 They lined us up in single file,  
   Did it P. D. Q.  
 Yelling at us all the while,  
   The senior crew.  
 They made us march in prison style  
   Thru the dark.  
 By this time we had walked a mile,  
   'Twas no lark.  
 They pelted us with chicken fruit,  
   Never missing.  
 They sent us quickly down a shoot,  
   Loudly hissing.  
 They dipped us next in Freshmen Gore,  
   Sweetly smelling.  
 They kept the din up as before,  
   Loudly yelling.  
 Next there came the electric horse,  
   Volted highly.  
 This filled us all with great remorse,  
   Jumping spryly.  
 And when the storm of battle cleared,  
   The rules were told.  
 With painful joints we rose and cheered,  
   And sang the  
   Green and Gold.



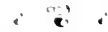
## Haunted

How could he face them now?  
 It was too late to go back, and the  
 "thing" was all over. Everything  
 seemed black to him. He was dazed  
 and felt a dizziness which made him  
 stagger. What would they say the  
 next morning when they came in

and saw her with that dreadful  
 stain? Oh! How could he have  
 done it? He was shivering with  
 fright. Should he own up to it?  
 Should he tell them all about it?

He slunk back to his room, and  
 undressed without a light, but  
 couldn't fall asleep. All night the  
 vision of what had happened  
 haunted him. It made him sit up in  
 bed and hold his breath for fear of  
 what would happen when they  
 would come in and see her, with the  
 dry stain—; he, the new Freshman,  
 had forgotten to clean the cow's  
 hocks.

Harry E. Rogin '29



## The Student Council

The Freshman Reception Dance,  
 which was promoted by the Student  
 Council, was held in the auditorium  
 on April 24. Everyone had a good  
 time and seemed to enjoy every-  
 thing in general, music, girls, re-  
 freshments, etc.

The Senior May Hop, which was  
 held on May 22, was a gala affair.  
 The hay ride, the added feature for  
 Sunday, May 23, to all the outly-  
 ing farms, was enjoyed by all.

The council is now sponsoring a  
 "more spirit" drive in the student  
 body. They have started this with  
 the promulgation of the dormitory  
 clubs among the Freshmen and by  
 the arrangement of Sunday morn-  
 ing activities. With the co-opera-  
 tion of the entire student body the  
 council can readily promise a social  
 season not to be equalled by previ-  
 ous years.

Sam Katz '27, Secty.

### The Landsc(r)apers

Another new society has been chartered at the National Farm School. It is known as "The Landsc(r)apers."

At the first meeting, after much heated discussion, the following officers were elected: Mr. Abelson, Pres.; Mr. Price, Vice-Pres.; Al. Abelson, Sec.; Sam Price, Treas.

The purpose of this organization is to raise money so that we can purchase perambulators for our nursery.

Only those students are admitted who show a sincere desire to emulate the illustrious Apiculture squad in their **ambition for work???**

The insignia of this new, honorable, and famous organization is a steam shovel (one-half natural size) with a shovel and rake (one-half natural size) crossed below as a guard.

As yet only four Seniors have qualified for this much-sought-after society. There are many candidates for admittance, but the membership committee, Mr. Price and Al. Abelson, have not decided as yet whether or not more members shall be enrolled, this being a new, exclusive club, with a limited number of members.

Dues have been fixed at three (\$3) dollars a month. The charter members are not obligated to pay, as they are the founders of this ultra, ultra, ultra, etc., society.

All candidates for admission see the secretary any time, day or night, and don't forget to bring your initiation fee, of three (\$3) dollars with you, which is payable in advance.

**No wooden money accepted.**

A & P '27's  
(Not Atlantic & Pacific)

### Orchestra

"This is Station 'WEAF,' New York, now broadcasting Mauri Skaist's 'Green and Gold' Orchestra." This announcement was a thrill in every Farm School student's heart, for it was the first time in the history of the school that an event of this kind ever took place. Just think, over the largest broadcasting station in the country!

The orchestra went through severe practice and the results were very satisfactory. The success was due mainly to the leadership of Mr. Skaist.

On Friday evening, May 14, the orchestra was featured at the "Strand Theatre," Doylestown, Pa. This performance gave them quite a reputation and they are now scheduled to play at various dance halls throughout the summer.

The '29 class has aided the orchestra by bringing our famous jazz drummer Stuhlman, the two "Brown Brothers," Ruch and Rosenzweig, and Goodstein, an excellent violinist.

Ben Graffman '28, Mgr.

~ ~ ~

Tankenbaum was so surprised when he was born that he couldn't talk for a year and a half and now he is making up for lost time.

**Remember !!**

**Alumni Reunion**

**July 3rd & 4th**

STAFF  
Sports—It's a secret  
Ed—Try and guess  
Bus. Mgr.—Somebody

# The High Hatter

WEATHER:  
Sometimes

Edited Daily Once a Month by the Editor

## Mutt's Satety Committee Headed By High Hatter!!!

### Drastic Action to Be Taken

(By Special Correspondent)

In a recent hot session the High - Hatter defended the Mutts. Cold packs were rushed to his head to prevent it from swelling. Nevertheless everybody got away with it.

### LAST MINUTE NEWS

World War is over.

Class of '28 leaves large legacy to Serotkin.

### Musseltoff

Mr. and Mrs. Chin Goldberg wish to announce the arrival of two new kittens. Rev. L. Eckstein will officiate at the baptismal exercises. Whistle will be used.

### THEATRICAL NEWS

#### Big Bathing Beauty Contest

Moony Weiss and Yan-  
kowitz to Officiate

Eliminations will take place between Holloway, Green, and Blitzstein. Recent reports show Holloway in the lead; however, Green is liable to win by a nose.

### BIG MYSTERY

#### Case of Eggs Explodes in Kitchen

Defective Hawkshaw Zolotor is put on the case. Declares he can't find cause for explosion as eggs were only six months old. The first witness who will be called in on the case will be Dr. Splain, a well - known authority on chickens, and who knows his eggs.

### Wanted

Dog Catcher — Must be able to kill anything from an Airedale and a Police Dog to a hot dog.

### Society News

Mr. Carl Schiff visits the Sesqui-Centennial.

Mr. Archibald Coheir was recently appointed shammas of the Doylestown Church.

### Lost and Found

Lost—Three days' vacation. See Eckstein.

Found — Skulcap outside Room 18. Loser can claim in Room 1

Lost—Wrench. Finder please return to Mr Groman.

Lost—Wiseman's Poultry notebook. Finder please keep until called for.

### POETS' CORNER

#### Ode to the Original High Hat

I am the center of all that is power.  
I move the doings of man every hour.  
I hold a rod as a symbol of might.  
I am the spirit of all that is right.  
I in myself am a religious faction.  
Upon other's doctrines I take drastic action.  
I am volcanic and oft-times erupt.  
When I am not suited I break all things up.  
If you are around, beware when I say  
"I wouldn't let you do it, you wouldn't get away."  
I care not either for mind nor for matter,  
For I am the one and the only HIGH-HATTER.



Be a Plain  
Clothes Man  
and Work  
for the Government.

Write or phone,  
B. Graffman or  
M. Skaist

## SPORTS

### Big Game at N. F. S. Bowl—High-Hatters Trounce Mutts Perdaders Stars For High-Hats

#### Line-up:

High Hatters	Mutts
Throwrench	1st Yap
Bowlegs	2nd Wiseman
Pig Bristles	s.s.E. Wiseman
Perdaders	3rd E.E. Wiseman
Shutts	L.F. Elmer W.
Clam	C.F. Elmer E.
Nu	R.F. Yap
	Wiseman
Gimmel	C.M. Wiseman
Himself	P. Who else
	could it be.

Umpire—Yap.

### Where to Go and What to See

Those who have not been to see the "Sleeping Beauty" at the "Study Hall" must now wait until next year, when it will again reopen with a new cast. However, most of the original cast will be nearly intact at the reopening of this splendid farce when it will again begin to draw patrons next October.

Though we shall regret to lose such sterl-

ing players as M. Cohn we can always rely upon Jack Landis (in private life Simonean Switt) and W. Weiss for a brilliant interpretation of the respective roles which they have so realistically created.

### Science and Invention

Weiss invents a new excuse for skipping details.

Zolotor invents new pitching form.

She was only a poor telephone girl, but she kept plugging along.

### Foreign News

The Prince of the A. A. Room falls off his horse and dislocates chin.



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Toast

"Hecky" the Floris



Come in and get a  
rake off

For the "snappiest" chatter.  
Read "The High Hatter".

## THE ? BOX

Let the editor solve  
your troubles.

Dear Editor:

We have just acquired a new Fiord a short time ago, and now it refuses to go. Please help us. Win Bros.

Dear Wins:

Your troubles make me feel for you. First of all, look under the hood and see if the spring is wound up. If this is not the trouble, try the following remedy which our famous tractor expert, Prof. Throwrench, claims will make anything run.

- 1 pt. castor oil
- 1 lb. epsom salts
- 2 qts. prune juice
- 1 tsp. N.F.S. coffee

Hold her by the throttle and pour down throat. If this does not work, put a stick of dynamite under the seat and cuss until hot.

Editor.

Are You Suffering  
From Lack of  
Vacation?



Four out of five get it

### Horticultural Society

In activity this organization has excelled all other clubs in the school. It has had speakers of prominence here every other Friday of the month. Mr. Kerr, Burpee's chief plant breeder, at a recent meeting, gave an interesting talk on the breeding of Sweet Peas.

At the last meeting of the society the following Juniors were admitted: Blitzstein, Bloom, Buchalter, Fox, Friedland, Graffman, Greenbaum, Green, Hurwitz, Maltz, Roseman and W. Weiss.

The club is now looking forward to the educational trips planned for this summer. Various greenhouses,

nurseries, orchards and other places of interest will be visited.

H. Bachman '27, Secty.

Brandt—"Why do hens lay eggs in the daytime?"

Weisberg—"Don't know."

Brandt—"Because they're roosters at night."

Mr. Schmieder—"What prevents us from flying off the world?"

Jungman—"Graduation."

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(A One-Act Playlet)

Place—A. A. Field.

Time—During baseball game.

Characters—Players on team,  
Broder, a girl.

Scene—On bench.

\* \* \*

Broder (explaining to girl why coach tells team they're rotten)—  
"He's got to do it; otherwise they'd have to get larger caps."

Girl—"Yes, but that fellow over there, he's so handsome, why can't they let him alone."

Broder—"Oh! I don't know. Watch the game. There! He hit a fly. The men are chasing it."

Girl—"Why chase the ball? That man there, behind the pitcher, has two in his pocket. I saw them."

Broder—"That's all right; but they've got to get ~~that~~ ball and throw it to the first baseman before the batter gets there."

Girl: "Hm! He'll never get there. Oh! He's got the ball. Who is that boy?"

Broder (resignedly)—"That's the outfielder."

Girl—"I can't see him very well. Is he handsome?"

Broder—"No, er — er — well, I don't know."

Girl—"Well, I saw a football game and everybody on the team was nice. I had a fine time there."

Broder—"Yeah?"

Girl—"Is that fellow over there a Scandinavian?"

Broder—"No; why?"

Girl—"That man with the high hat called him one. What's that fellow in back of us yelling for?"

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Broder—"He's cheering the team up."

Girl—"Why don't he go up and tell them quietly?"

Broder (exasperated) — "Say! Let's go see the chickens."

Girl—"Oh! Yes. Let's go."

(Curtain)

Harry Weissman '29

## Jokes From the Campus

She—"Hiram, tomorrow is our wedding anniversary. Hadn't we better kill a chicken?"

He—"Why punish a chicken for what happened 25 years ago?"

Mr. Kraft—"Kahn, I think I'll let you take that horse to New Britain to be shod."

Kahn—"Vat! Can't ve shoot him here?"

Wise Senior—"The Seniors are not what they used to be."

Otherwise Senior—"What did they used to be?"

Wise Senior—"Juniors, you silly ape."

Yap—"Well, did you get me a date?"

Ike—"No; she knew you."

Uff—"I hear you had an argument with your girl last night."

Guff—"Yes, she gave me a lot of her lip."

Dean—"It's you Freshmen who make the school."

Mutts—"What! Are we that bad?"

## AGRICULTURE

(Continued from page 17)

breeder is guided, one of the greatest of which is Mendel's Law of Heredity. With its aid the breeder is able to visualize the progeny of plants which have been bred. The importance of this science is great, since by combining the characteristics of two plants, we get a new and improved variety. It is due to breeding that the American farmer is almost at the peak of production. Competition is very keen and the farmer must get maximum production to pay for his toil.

J. Rosenthal '27



## ATHLETICS

(Continued from page 19)

### Freshmen Bow to Faculty, 4-3

Although the Faculty did have some players who knew not the feel of a bat and glove, they gave the Freshies a neat trimming. Coach Samuels, who pitched for the Faculty, was in top form, but Strang, the yearling pitcher, certainly made some of the dignified Faculty members pound the thin air. The game was close and was not decided until the final inning. With a rookie on second and one out, Coach Samuels fanned the next two batters, ending the game with a 4-3 score. "Yap" Wiseman, the Freshman coach, declares that this was excellent practice for the approaching Freshman-Junior game.



Steinberg—"Why don't you put the horse's crupper on?"

Nacht—"Aw, he don't want it on!"

The most absent-minded Farm School student, M. Cohen, is the fellow who sat on the bucket and milked into the stool.



Freshman (just after having been called a "mutt") looking at the silo—"Gee, this is the best place you can find to commit suicide!"

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## EXCHANGE

(Continued from page 23)

I love to walk.

Last Sunday I took the most wonderful stroll.

I went for quite some distance through the park, thoroughly enjoying every breath of cool, crisp air. I felt like a new man as I hastened onward,

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increasing my speed at every step. I walked on and on? drinking in the beauty of all about me. It was wonderful.

Finally I picked her up.

\* \* \* \* \*

A deaf woman entered a church with an ear trumpet. Soon after she seated herself, an usher tiptoed over and whispered, "One toot and out you go."

"Canary and Blue, dey calls dat? Well dey ain't much 'blue' about it. Say, bill, de're's a lotta good news in dis yere **Mt. Airy World** and de **Community Messenger** and I hope we kin read all deze magazines again soon."

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